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MY FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF CONGO

Bush aglow! The night was mysteriously dark and quiet except for the burning of bush grass on the shore. The fire burned rapidly and leaped high into the air. The scene was beautiful to us, who were on board ship. Soon the moon rose high in the sky. The Congo River looked like a silver ribbon in the moonlight and its shores held hidden adventure.

Off in the distance we could see a lighthouse, but no response came in answer to our signal. In darkness, all night long, we sailed up and down in the mouth of the Congo, because we could not get a pilot to take us further up the river. Our Captain "trusted to luck", and hoped that the dangers we faced crossing the ocean, would not enter the river and keep us from reaching our destination which was "so near and yet so far". For the first time in many nights, we were allowed to keep our portholes open. All slept well.

Upon arising the next morning, I looked through our porthole and saw a lone palm tree on a hill. The palm was tall and stately, and seemed to say "Welcome." One could not help but think of Christ, our Saviour, and the waving palms during His triumphal entry into Jerusalem. This was our triumphal entry, into Belgian Congo, for we had arrived safely because of God's care and guidance.

Our ship was piloted quite close to shore, and I had my first glimpse of a native village, Although I had heard much about these villages, they were more strange to me than any of their descriptions. The grass houses, "camp" fires and half-clad people sitting cross-legged on the ground held my strict attention.

Just before we came to Matadi, our ship passed through

Devil's Cauldron which is a bend in the river, and so named because it is a seething mass of bubbling whirlpools. We were told that many a ship in the old days had been wrecked against the rocks in this area, because of the strong current. At last we gazed upon Matadi! We had been sailing toward this port for eight weeks, and could hardly believe that we had finally arrived. By 5 o'clock in the afternoon we had said farewell to the ship and its crew, were passed through customs, and on our way to the Swedish Mission in Matadi where all missionaries stay before going on to their destinations.

At the Swedish Mission a hearty greeting awaited us, as well as mail from home. Letters from our families arrived in Congo before we did. The news warmed our hearts. Besides these there were many letters from our Congo colleagues, welcoming us into the missionary family.

Saturday morning the seven missionaries proceeded to establish themselves in the Colony, and raced around in Matadi in an open truck. I can still see myself clutching tightly to the edge of my seat, as the truck swirved around corners, and went up and down hills. In Chicago, surely, such conduct would have been questioned, but in Congo travelling in this manner is quite the commonplace thing. It seems, also, to be the fashion for one to travel with many bundles of assorted shapes, sizes and content. Many times since, on the unstreamlined train, I have carried chickens and puppies in baskets, eggs, flowers, lunch and water bottle, as well as personal luggage. Can you for one instant imagine me carrying a crowing rooster in the parlour car of one of the speed trains in the United States? I cannot — in fact I do not think I would dare!

There are two trains a day here, which start about 7 o'clock in the morning. One starts from Matadi and goes up to Leopoldville. The other starts down from Leopoldville to Matadi. About half way between, the trains meet, and one can look out of the window and greet one's friends if they happen to be on the opposite train. Often one's friends who may live along or near the railroad come to their respective stations, and greet one as the train goes through. What fun it is to put one's head out of the window and say hello! It may be some time

again before anyone is travelling along the line, and it is with great eagerness that we greet each other when opportunity affords.

However, instead of travelling by train from Matadi to Banza Manteke, Roland and I had a thrilling trip in the Banza Manteke station truck with Mr. Engwall. We travelled over winding roads, through valleys, and over mountains, until we arrived at our destination. On each side of the road into the station were natives singing hymns, and one of them had a trumpet which he blew lustily to announce our coming. The church bell rang wildly and everyone was happy, but none more so than we.

One of the first things I remember about that first day here was my introduction to the Congo ants. After awaking from my nap I happened to glance at the small table which was placed by my bed, and discovered a steady stream of ants going across it. When I investigated further, I found that they had been crawling over and through my house slippers. That night, not wishing to have the same experience repeated, I took my slippers to bed with me, and tucked them in along the side of the mosquito netting.

Each day has brought forth its own experiences, some amusing and some sad. One time I gave the boys, who were helping me get settled, two patchwork quilts to put on the beds. Later that evening I discovered that the quilts had been put on the mattresses first, and all other bedding on top. The boys had mistaken them for mattress pads.

The other night it was raining very hard and my houseboy had to go over to the other missionary house for our butter, milk and cold water. We share an ice-box which belongs to Mr. Engwall, and so have a small space in it for these things. I gave my boy the umbrella to protect himself. As he was also carrying a tray on which to put the things, I wondered how he would manage tray, and umbrella, and still keep from getting wet. He managed, much to my amazement, for he had put the things on the tray, put the tray on his head, and steadied it with one hand. Then he held the umbrella over all with the other hand. When he entered the

house, there was not a drop of rain on him or on the things. This is certainly a very practical way to carry one's packages. So far I can carry only a long native knife on my head, and at times a small dish pan for only a very short distance. Perhaps I shall improve as time goes on.

Just the other morning, Enoki and Kubi, two men who work for the mission came about seven o'clock in the morning to watch the coffee pot boil. They were interested in getting one, and wanted to know where one could be bought, but first they were interested in seeing how it operated. With inward amusement I watched them exclaim as they regarded the bubbles which came to the top of the percolator. They thought nothing of recipes, but were sure that with such a percolator they could never fail to get that "good to the last drop" coffee.

Enoki and Kubi are only two of the many people we contact daily. It is true that their skins are a different color from ours, but nevertheless in the short seven months we have been here, we have come to love these new friends very, very much. There is a great work carried on in the Banza Manteke field. I was surprised to learn how much territory each of our mission stations cover. With this realization come a sadness for we have so few missionaries, and many, many villages are not visited for some years because of this situation.

In a letter from Mr. Engwall, which we received when we first arrived in Congo, was an interesting piece of news about Banza Manteke. He wrote "You many know that this is the oldest misson field in the Belgian Congo. Our outpost, Palabala, was established in 1878 and Banza Manteke in 1879, even before the founding of the Congo Free State. Wonder if you have heard of the Pentecost on the Congo which took place here in the early days, when thousands were stirred to leave their idols and accept Christ"? Perhaps some of you have read of Rev. Henry Richards who was one of our first missionaries and his thrilling experience of the Pentecost on the Congo. I remember studying about this in the Northern Seminary in Chicago under Dr. Peder Stiansen. It is hard for me to express in words the thrill I received when I actually stood in Rev.

Richards' old church, and looked through some of his books.

Just outside of the church door are two large steel wheels, which were given to the people at Banza Manteke by Stanley. They are very proud of these wheels. Not far from this outpost is an old trail which was Stanley's old caravan route. He used this route in trying to get around the rapids in the Congo river. The trail is still used today.

Our station was moved about ten years ago from the village of Banza Manteke to its present site. Although we still call it Banza Manteke, the natives refer to this place as Nsona Mpangu, as it was a market-place years ago. The new location is very good as it is only 12 miles from Lufu, the railroad station, so that one can get mail at least twice a week. One can get to the railroad station in 40 minutes by truck or in 3½ hours on foot. Of course it takes longer to get there in rainy weather, but one in well compensated by the beautiful scenery. Mountains are all around us. Each day I marvel at the sunrise and sunset. We never seem to stop looking at the vividly flowering trees. If one chooses one can have roses, lilies, gardenias or orchids in the house every day. As for fruit one needs only to pick bananas grapefruit, oranges, limes and avocados whenever they are desired. (Thanks to years of untiring work of Mr. Geil).

A good deal of food is grown right on the station and is cared for by the school boys. Although we have about 175 boys in the boys' boarding school, I am sure that there is not one who likes to work with the hoe, for that is considered to be woman's work. Women and girls are the underprivileged folk. It is very hard to persuade parents to allow their daughters to come to the mission school. About 30 girls are in the girls' boarding school this year. Many of them learn quickly and go back to their villages to help others free themselves from superstition and fear by pointing out the way to Jesus Christ, and Salvation.

One of the most interesting phases of the work here is the leper camp. We have read often of the lepers in the Bible, but many of us have never seen a leper. Leprosy is always looked upon as a loathesome disease, but it can be cured in its early stages. About 2 miles from our home is Luzadi, our

leper camp. I shall never forget my first visit there. Although the people were very ill, their faces shone with gladness, and all had a wonderful testimony for Christ. Some had to crawl to the little chapel on their hands and knees because fingers and toes were gone, and they had no strength in their bodies. Still their disease did not keep them from giving generously of whatever they had to further the Kingdom of God.

Roland and I are beginning to get used to life in Congo. At first it was a little strange to us here, for I had never before had the experience of cockroaches eating my curtains, and rain flooding the house. Nor was I used to keeping my food in sealed tins so that ants could not eat it. Also with this "different" life came the task of cutting Roland's hair, which I had never done before. As time goes on I seem to be improving as a barber and am thinking of charging union prices. In time we hope to learn the language, so that we can really begin to work. It is our hope that as the years go on we may be able to win many souls for Christ.

LILLIAN A. METZGER.-

MAFIOTI

I was awakened by the furious barking of Bobi about midnight Jan. 26 and when I listened I heard someone knocking at my door. It was Diame, our infirmier (male nurse) who had come poste-haste from Bete to announce that Mafioti had just died very suddenly.

That very evening he had told his wife that he was going to Banza Manteke in the morning to talk with Chief Manionza and his people about returning to God. He felt a heavy burden on his heart as he thot of the fact that many of the Banza Manteke people who were the first to hear the message of salvation from Mr. Richards, the founder of the Banza Manteke station and church, have turned away from God and are no longer following the light to which they so eagerly turned at the time of their conversion.

As was his custom he fell on his knees and prayed a long intense prayer, and the burden of his last prayer was the salvation of the people of Banza Manteke. He then prayed for

the Lord's work thruout the world and for the Christians of all nations, old and young. He got up from his prayer and sat on his bed for a moment and then he began staring intently at something and he said: "Who is that"? His wife said there was no one there but he insisted he saw a man. Shortly after he had a hemorrhage and within a few minutes his spirit left its earthly tabernacle.

Only two days before, he had been present at our Sunday service here at the mission station and I recall especially how heartily he joined in singing one of his favorite hymns. At such times he forgot about the audience and improvised his own melody often a good deal at variance with that sung by the rest of the congregation.

Being a youngster of only 19 years' experience in Congo I dare not pretend to know too much about Mafioti's early history since Mafioti was one of our oldest native evangelists but I have often heard Mafioti tell how at first the people would not listen to his message and would not even give him any food with the result that he and his faithful wife had to search for roots and other edibles in the forests to keep from starving. They persevered in spite of all hardships and it is no exaggeration to say that at the time of his death he was one of the most widely known evangelists in all Lower Congo, as well as thruout the Kwango region. His infectious laugh was irresistible and won him many friends He was for many years the evangelist along the railroad where he left numerous friends among both white and black.

As I walked behind the funeral cortege (the Mission truck served in the capacity of hearse) from the village to the cemetery I could not help thinking of the wonderful change he himself had been instrumental, thru God's grace, in bringing about. What a contract between the heathen orgies at such a time and this orderly crowd singing hymns of "the home over there".

At the Memorial Service here at the station on the following Sunday we heard several beautiful tributes to Mafioti's character and work. Malutama told us that Tata Harvey was Mafioti's teacher. At first people did not realize the full mean-

ing of salvation but when they did they were filled with joy and went about in neighboring villages telling the story of salvation even tho many of them could not even read.

Mavambu introduced an old gray-haired man who was one of Mafioti's first converts. In the beginning of his work Mafioti was hated because it was thot that he cut off the heads of dead people and gave them to the white man to send to his country. They refused to give or even sell him any food so as to induce him to leave.

Jesse Fuka's mother (Jesse Fuka was Mr. and Mrs. Moon's faithful helper) said: "When Mafioti first saw me I only wore a scanty rag in front and one in back which shows that I was only a little girl. Now I have my grandchildren but *thru all these years I have not seen anything wrong in Mafioti's life.* I have been a member of the church ever since Mafioti led me to Christ."

At his last service, the very evening that he was called home, he said: "I want to go to God like Enoch and Elijah if it is God's will". And it can truly be said of him as of Enoch that "God took him home". There was no suffering. In only a few minutes he went to be with the Lord.

On the last day of his life he insisted on having all his clothes washed and pressed as he was going to a big meeting and wanted to have clean clothes. His intuition did not deceive him. He did go to a big meeting all right, a meeting of "a great multitude that no man can number of all nations and kindreds and people and tongues," of those who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. "Mafioti will feel right at home there. His voice will be heard among the others as he sings his praises to the Savior who was so dear to him down here.

MARTIN S. ENGWALL

CENTRAL SCHOOL FOR BOYS, VANGA 1942

The past school year came to its close at the end of June with eleven in the graduating class, five of whom received diplomas, the remaining six, certificates. Under the able direction of Mr. Engwall, steady progress was made during the

year. Wicker work was again introduced and some very nice chairs made. In a class in manuel training the Seniors undertook to construct individual desks and chairs for their class room, as well as do general repair work in the carpenter shop. The beginnings of a student council were made in the election by the boys of two representatives to sit with two members of the faculty (native) to decide on all cases of discipline. This functioned very satisfactorily.

Due to the necessity of Mr. Engwall's taking over the evangelistic work at Banza Manteke, the present school year opened in September under the direction of Mrs. Freas, with an enrollment of 190 pupils. The program and activities of the previous years have been continued and new ones are gradually being introduced. A program of sports has been arranged for 5 o'clock each afternoon under the leadership of five seniors and one of the teachers, and teams have been organized for track, baseball, basket ball, and volley ball.

Under the capable and inspiring direction of C. Kapini, assistant principal, the student-faculty council has been endeavouring to pray things thru with the individuals brought up for discipline, who happily have been few, and as a group to listen in silent prayer for God's will in each case. The teachers with their principal carry out the same plan when they meet each morning, for ten minutes of consultation and silent prayer, and as individuals many of them are learning to talk and to pray with a boy who has difficulties, instead of just scolding him. The boys, too, in their dormitories, each one of which has chosen an "mbuta" or "head", are learning to find God's plan for them in their everyday problems as they present them to Him in prayer at the close of each day when the evening bell rings, and listen for His answer. Thus a fine spirit of co-operation and a sense of being directed from above in all activities has been felt.

In order to meet the personal needs of each boy. We have decided to devote one Bible period a week in each class to personal interviews—the teacher leaving his class with some interesting reading, takes one boy off alone to have a heart to heart talk with him and to pray with him over his particular

difficulties.

After the return f the boys from Christmas vacation, they undertook to send out each week-end a gospel team to villages near and far, as well as to continue their leadership of their Sunday and Wednesday prayer meetings and to take their turn at conducting Sunday services at the hospital. Over half the boys are Christians, and seventy-five are enrolled as inquirers. That the Lord may help them to continue to grow under the direction of, and in fellowship with Him, their Saviour, is our prayer for them.

KATHERINE FREAS

GOD ANSWERS PRAYER

"Mama, I prayed to God when I went to my garden. I prayed that I might learn to read. My husband can read, so I must know how to read, too." Thus spoke the wife of one of our teachers at Sona Bata. When she married, she could not read. But, later, when her husband attended our Institute at Kimpese, she was given the opportunity of going to school. It was difficult at first, very difficult. At last, she began to read, though stumblingly. How thrilled she was to know that she could make meaning out of words! Then, too, she taught a Sunday-School class—something she had never dreamt of doing. She had called upon the Lord, and He helped her!

VENDLA ANDERSON

"AND SO THEY WERE MARRIED"

As a general rule our minds are filled with pictures of the happy, glowing bride and groom when we come away from a wedding, and we give little thought to the folk who may have witnessed the ceremony.

However, the face that stood out above all others in my mind last Saturday afternoon was not the face of any one of the three happy couples who had just been united in a triple marriage ceremony. For hours I carried with me the picture of the face of an old man who was standing at the door when I came out of the church. His name was Mubwabu and he was the

maternal great-uncle of one of the brides. His fat, protruding lips hung flabbily over his few remaining tobacco-stained teeth. His face was heavily lined with the marks of years of dissipation. His bleary eyes watered as he stood there, stooped and weighted with years. His children and grand-children were about him. I shuddered inwardly as I greeted him, even though I could honestly say "I am happy to see that you have come to the wedding."

Why had I shuddered? Why was I glad that he had come to the wedding? Why did the memory of his face stay with me for a long time after the wedding? Because he was a man with whom I had waged battle. Old man that he was, feeble, dissipated, husband of two wives, father of many children, grandfather of many more.... he was the man who was determined that little Bwesu, barely into her teens, should be his third wife. He, who according to native custom, should have been arranging a suitable marriage for Bwesu, had determined that none but himself should have her. Whenever a young man approached him with a request for Bwesu, old Mubwabu sent him off with dire threats of being cursed by bewitchment.

As long as Bwesu was too young to be married to anyone, neither her mother nor herself paid much attention to the old man's threats. But a few months ago when she had reached her early teens, when a young girl's fancy turns to thoughts of love, a young man came along who was decidedly to her fancy. Bwesu appealed to me for help. She was a fortunate girl with a Christian mother who upheld her in her appeal. This daring, courageous mother had dared to favor the suit of young Mangwata in spite of the threatenings and menacing of the old heathen uncle. It takes greater courage than any of us will ever understand for a woman in this land to oppose the will of her maternal uncle. The abject fear of the unknown forces of witchcraft are beyond the comprehension of a mere white person who has been free of such fear all his life. But those of us who have seen the hold that it has on the African are filled with respect and admiration for anyone who dares to try and break that hold. You can be sure that I immediately accepted the role of

champion of the cause of this mother and daughter.

My first step was to call in all the members of the family and talk the matter over with them. The old great-uncle pinched his snuff and glared, and from time to time he chuckled to show his contempt of anything I might do. He didn't even flick an eye-lash when it was revealed that he had tried to force Bwesu to become his wife when she was only ten years old. He had been prevented by the timely arrival in his village of a government agent. The State man had prevented Mubwabu from taking the little girl, but he had not prevented him from spreading terror in the village upon his return after trial at the government post. He had been successful in extorting huge fines from his accusers, and for a few years succeeded in keeping his nefarious designs secret. Now, however, the matter was in our hands.

The girl was already under our care here in the Boarding School. We then gave a job to the young man who sought her as his wife, making bricks here on the Mission Station. We had a two-fold purpose in engaging him. We wanted first of all to assure ourselves that Mangwata was worthy of the courage of these two women; and we also wanted the girl to see enough of him to be sure that it was really he that she wanted to marry. It might too easily have been a case of grabbing the first presentable young man in order to escape being the unwilling concubine of an old man whose habitual, bleary leer was revolting.

* * * *

"And so (in spite of Mubwabu) they were married." I left the old man behind as I followed the wedding procession up the road. I have not seen him since, but I do not doubt that I shall hear of him again. It is hardly likely that he will not try to intimidate the young couple. He will surely try to bleed them during the years to come whenever he feels the need of money, or clothing, or drink. He will blame them for any misfortune that befalls the clan. He will persecute them if they do not have children soon enough to suit him and will accuse them of failing in their obligation to the clan. He will surely say to himself "I have

lost this battle... but I have not yet lost the war". He would be an unusual Congo "uncle" indeed if he did not think he was justified in using every means in his power to break off a marriage which did not suit him.

However, all this was known to Bwesu and Mangwata when they were married. And there is another picture in my mind which makes me believe that the old man has not only lost this battle, but the war as well. It is a picture of Bwesu's mother whom I saw bustling around the yard of the home of her daughter and son-in-law here on the Mission Station. Her happy smile was the badge of courage in resisting an evil which few women in this land dare oppose. It is as yet unusual for the mothers to dare uphold their daughters in their fight for freedom. Bwesu is indeed fortunate. Do you wonder that she smiled happily yesterday when we greeted her: "Good day, Mrs. Mangwata"!

VIOLA L. SMITH

SEARCHING FOR RUBBER

People are now learning a new way to prepare rubber. Long ago, while we were still little children, our fathers prepared rubber, but it was not done well. The traders had a hard time finding any good rubber; however, they bought it as they had occasion at the markets. In that way, they lost money too.

But now we know how to prepare good rubber; it does not have any dirt or foreign matter in it, nor does it have a bad smell. We know how to prepare three kinds of rubber, and these are the names: mubudi from a tree, and mumbumba and kikweta from vines. There really is no difference between the mubudi and mumbumba. Both are prepared by boiling in water. But to prepare the kikweta we use lime juice.

In our fathers' time there was a great deal of rubber in this part of the country, but now there is only a little left in the forests. Our fathers killed off many of the trees, not knowing that in the future the work would again be useful.

In this district tata (i.e."father" or "Mr") Smith was asked to help the government with this work, so that we may help finish the war as quickly as possible. Then it was arranged for the village people to go search for rubber in the forests. It certainly is hard to go into these forests without guns. There are just plenty of wild animals in them, elephants, lions, buffalo and hyenas.

Because of these difficulties, tata Smith agreed with the people to send a hunter and some one trained in agriculture to go with them when they went to the forest to hunt for rubber.

One day last January we went to the other side of the river Kwango. On that side there just are no villages. In the forest and on the plain there are animals and nothing but animals, buffalo, elephants, lions and hyenas. We had been walking a long time, at least two hours on the plain when we came to a spring, and there we stopped to drink water. When we were ready to go an elephant came to sleep there, and chased us.

The hunter shot him with six balls, and then he died. The people were very much afraid, but they were glad to get the meat to eat.

We hunted through the forest, but with no success. We went to another forest. Those were hard days because it rained so much. To me it was a surprise that the people put up little shelters in an hour or maybe an hour and a half. In the first forest we built thirteen little shelters, in the second we put up eleven. We were very much frightened there because of lions. The next evening the hunter killed a buffalo. The following morning about nine o'clock the people went out to cut up the animal, but they found that a lion and some hyenas had eaten the whole buffalo, leaving just one leg. That night we slept in much fear.

Another day the people went to the forest to find rubber. A lion chased them, wanting to catch somebody. They succeeded in getting away, then we went back to the village. We must have been around 78 people.

We worked hard to try to find rubber enough. But it

was hard. One day we went with some people from other villages near the Kwango. There was no road to follow and we got into some big swamps and pools. We had to take off our clothes to get across, but we had to wade in water until we were out of the forest again. And we did not find a bit of rubber. Three nights we slept in a big forest, every day searching for rubber, but without finding any. Then we went home again. But the work is constantly going on.

Every Friday we go out to some villages. We have a double purpose in going. Our white people here go to help the children of the villages. Every Friday they go some place to hold a baby clinic. They take along medicines and little shirts and soap to give to the babies. These white people are Mama Anderson, Mama Smith, and Mama Armstrong. While they are busy examining the children, I and Tata Smith are examining the rubber. Mama Armstrong has much work in the school; but when the students go home for vacation, she goes out to help in the baby clinics and to examine the village schools. For they all want to help the children in our district.

DAVID MUNTHU
A helper in the A.B.F.M.S.
Kikongo sur Wamba.

REMEMBERING

There were many of us, small, careless, carefree boys. The white missionaries lived in our town and we listened to their teachings and marvelled at the wonders they did, the things they had in the houses they built, and the way they treated the sick. But, laughing and playing about, we did not think about changing our ways.

One teacher whom I admired very much went away one day to meet his wife who had just arrived in Congo from her own country. We waited eagerly to see the new white Mama. But when the canoe returned to our beach the white teacher was alone. He had never even seen his wife. She had been taken ill on the steamer from Leopoldville and the captain had stopped at a British Baptist Mission station and given the sick

woman into the care of the teachers, but she died before the steamer with the sad news for the waiting husband could proceed on its way.

So our teacher came back to us alone, his heart filled with sadness. But he did not go into his house to weep and wail and mourn for weeks as did my people. He carried on his work and at every opportunity with a strong voice he preached to us, saying, "I have joy for my Saviour is God's Son, and Jesus said, 'I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth on Me though he die, yet shall he live".

This was too much for me. I could no longer be careless and indifferent to the teaching of that man who in deep sorrow said, "I have joy because I have Christ!" With serious purpose six of my chums and I became inquirers and in due time we were baptized. And it is true, through trial and sorrow and in our everyday life He is our joy, even Jesus.

* * * *

A memorial tablet in the Tondo church bears the date February 26,1916. Then it was that Mrs. Marsh was called into her Master's presence, and her husband, drawn closer to the Divine Presence, was soon after enabled to win many youths to Christ. Remembering the details so vividly a now middle-aged Christian man humbly but gladly gives this his testimony.

MARGUERITE ELDREDGE

"WHAT DOTH HINDER ME TO BE BAPTIZED?"

It was a few days before Matondo (Thanksgiving), candidates had been examined for baptism, some had been told to wait and study further the word of God and others had been accepted for baptism, among them was an older man, a soldier from up river who had been with us for some time.

On Friday evening just as the cool evening breezes were beginning to blow there was a knock at our door. Our native pastor and this soldier had come to see us. "Tata I have come to tell you that we have just had marching orders. We are leaving in the morning at 8 o'clock. I was to be baptized on Sunday and now I have to leave before Sunday". "Would you like us to give you a letter to the mission where you

are going saying that you have been accepted for baptism and we are sure they will baptize you the first time there is a baptismal service?" "Tata! why can't I be baptized before I leave?" "Do you mean right now?" "Yes, this evening or tomorrow morning at 6 o'clock." "If you will come with me now I can obtain permission as we pass the camp to be absent for an hour" So Tata took the native pastor and Andre in our little old car and went to the camp and then to the church. The teachers and a few deacons living near were told there was to be a baptismal service so about 20 gathered in the church and then walked down to the nearby stream.

As "Day was dying in the West and Heaven was touching earth with rest", Andre went down into the little stream and was baptized. He gave a beautiful testimony of how he had found Christ and the joy he had. He also expressed his desire to tell the Good News wherever he went. He said goodbye to his fellow-christians, "and he went on his way rejoicing." Pray for this soldier of the cross that he may faithfully combat the foes of sin and serve his Lord and Master wherever he goes.

LINDA WATKINS

THE SLAVE PREACHER

Izani's testimony to his experience in Christ always takes the form of the metaphor of being freed from the slavery of sin. And why should it not, for most of his life was spent in the type of slavery which still exists in Congo. Izani knows what it is to be in slavery for sin as well as in sin.

Many years ago, when Izani, not yet John, was a young lad, his maternal uncle incurred a fine by committing adultery and in payment gave his nephew into slavery to the husband of the woman involved. Thereupon began a life of hardship for the boy. Four times he was resold for anywhere from ten to thirty-five francs. The price is less for a grown-up than for a child, he says, but the highest price is paid for a girl who is considered the future mother of more slaves. Once Izani ran away but was caught and severely punished.

His last master lived in Mbonga, and there Izani, now a young man, made his first contact with Christianity, for

at Mbonga there was a newly-arrived Christian teacher and a little chapel. Izani learned of Christ and also to read and write a little. A State man passing through enlisted him as a carrier in his caravan, and finding him an outstanding young man made him a State messenger. Though he was now working for the State, his master could demand money of him at any time and could interfere with any freedom of action which Izani might contemplate. The State man grew fond of him and tried to influence him to become a Catholic, but when he found Izani determined to be a Protestant he encouraged him by making one of his duties the weekly rounding up of market for the Vanga school children. It was while doing this work that the missionaries became interested in him.

At this period in his life Izani's master provided him with a wife, another of his slaves who had been given in payment for the death of one of the master's dependants. Owning them both he promised her free to Izani, but after the marriage demanded sixty francs for her. They were blessed with two children.

Izani was anxious, though now a full-grown man, to get a bit more education and wished to come to school at Vanga. His master opposed his wishes as did the State man who wished to keep him in his service. A higher official interfered and Izani attended school for a year and a half. In 1922 Izani was baptized and he proudly lays claim to the fact that his church membership card bears number 38; he was the thirty-eighth person to be baptized into the Vanga church. The last card given several months ago is number 7982. Izani, himself, has baptized hundreds. The same year he went out to teach and preach in a group of six villages. It was a larger task than anyone could well perform, but he was to hold the ground until better provision could be made.

It was only in 1932 that Izani finally freed himself and his family from the yoke of bondage to his earthly master which was a continual hindrance to him in his work for His Lord. Through arrangements with the State, he bought his freedom for 275 francs and a male goat. The State man insisted that

his wife and children be all included for the same price. It was in the same year that Izani was made supervising pastor over a group of villages and teacher-evangelists, and has continued in that capacity to the present.

Jean Izani has never had further training; his long letters are un-encumbered by punctuation and his church account books are often a problem for an expert accountant. He is fat, his face pock-marked, and he is often untidy, but Izani is respected by those better educated for his natural wisdom and keen judgment. He is a fearless preacher of the Gospel loved for his sincerity and the tenderness of his heart. He serves his Lord with singlness of purpose. He has born much hardship in his ministry from the early days until this present time, and his present parish is one of exceeding difficulty and over-whelming problems.

Hana Mazaba, his wife, is his earnest helper. Although, when he was still a village teacher and a church deacon, church discipline was administered to both of them for fighting with each other, there is no doubt that it was a minor affair, for when he finished telling me the above story, he exclaimed enthusiastically "I must hurry home (a day's journey by foot) to tell my wife that you are writing about us". She has born ten children, but only five are living. She does not think that her lot has been particularly hard; that is quite a normal average for the ordinary Congo woman. The oldest son is now studying in the government medical school, and the youngest girl is here in Boarding School.

"If it were not for Christ, I would still be in slavery, and a slave to sin", says Izani "but through Him I am free. For many years I have served Him and I have no other desire but to continue to do so." I don't suppose he has ever thought of trying to count the number of people who have come to Christ under his ministry. It is sufficient for him that the record is kept in Heaven.

JOHN IZANI OF VANGA

By Helen Robbins

CONGO MISSION DIRECTORY

Listed in order of arrival on field or at station — present term.

BANZA MANTEKE

Miss Lena Youngsman
Rev. M.S. Engwall
Miss Grace Cooper
Rev. and Mrs. R. Metzger

MOANZA

Rev. and Mrs. L.A. Brown

TONDO

Rev. and Mrs. H.D. Brown
Dr. and Mrs. A.J.B. Russell (B.M.S.)
Miss M.K.M. Chaplin (B.M.S.)
Miss Marguerite Eldredge

LEOPOLDVILLE

Rev. and Mrs. S. Baiotti (U.T.M.)
Mr. and Mrs. H.J. Watkins

KIKONGO

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VANGA

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Miss Emily Satterberg
Miss Vendla Anderson
Miss Mary Bonar

ON FURLOUGH OR EN ROUTE

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Dr. Dorothea Witt
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